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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



HELL ISN'T HOT. IT'S COLD.

AHHHKKK

THE QUEEN,
SHE DIDN'T
PLEASE ME.

SO SHE'S
DEAD.

IT'S COLD AND DAMP AND FOUL, AND IF THEIR
STOMACHS DIDN'T HURT, ITS INMATES WOULDN'T
KNOW THAT THEY AREN'T QUITE DEAD.

WHO'S GONNA
BE MY NEW
QUEEN?

YOU.
YOU'RE A
PRETTY ONE.

THEY SHOVE CLOSER TOGETHER. THEY
KNEEL ON SORES AND BLISTERS...

WHAT'S THIS?
A RING. A SHINY
WEDDING RING.

IT'S MINE
NOW.

... AND THEY WORSHIP THEIR KING.

YOU ARE
MINE--
--BODY
AND
SOUL.

STAN LEE PRESENTS
THE DAMNED

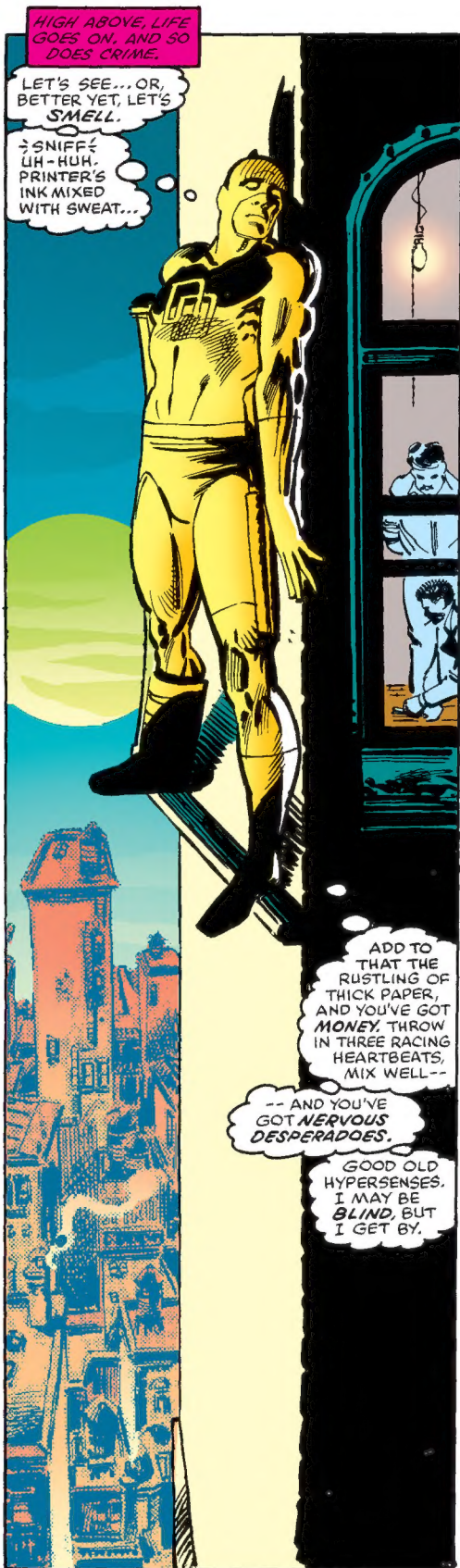
MILLER
STORY & ART

JANSON
FINISHED ART & COLORS

ROSEN
LETTERS

O'NEIL
EDITOR

SHOOTER
ED-IN-CHIEF



HIGH ABOVE, LIFE GOES ON, AND SO DOES CRIME.

LET'S SEE...OR, BETTER YET, LET'S **SMELL**.

→ SNIFF! UH-HUH. **PRINTERS INK MIXED WITH SWEAT...**

ADD TO THAT THE RUSTLING OF THICK PAPER, AND YOU'VE GOT **MONEY**. THROW IN THREE RACING HEARTBEATS, MIX WELL--

-- AND YOU'VE GOT **NERVOUS DESPERADOES**.

GOOD OLD HYPERSENSSES. I MAY BE **BLIND**, BUT I GET BY.



FIFTY FER ME, FIFTY FER GROTTO, FIFTY FER ZEKE.

FIFTY FER ME, FIFTY FER...

YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SOMEBODY, **TURK**.

THE **KINGPIN**.



NUTS. WHY CUT **HIM** IN?

YOU KNOW THE SCORE. HE RUNS THE MOBS. HE GETS HIS CUT.

SO WE SKIP HIS CUT THIS TIME OUT. WHAT'S HE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

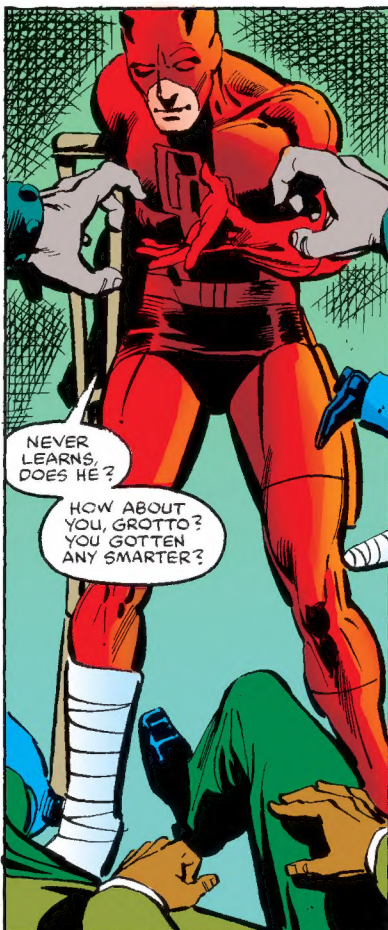


FIFTY FER THE **KINGPIN**. FIFTY FER ME, FIFTY...



AW, NO...

KRESSHH



LATER...

...THEN THAT LADY ASSASSIN BEAT UP DAREDEVIL AND THEN SHE WENT AFTER YOU? WOW!

MUST'VE BEEN EXCITING!

SCARY IS WHAT IT WAS, KID. THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

SPENT TWO WEEKS BREATHING THROUGH A TUBE AND THINKING ABOUT HOW STUPID IT WAS FOR A SECOND-RATE REPORTER TO PLAY HERO.

YOU MEAN...?

YEAH. SOON AS I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE, I TOOK THAT ASSASSIN'S ADVICE AND SPIKED THE CHERRYH STORY.

BUT-- IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE REAL *IMPOR-TANT*, ISN'T IT, MR. URICH? IF CHERRYH WINS THE ELECTION...

...NEW YORK WILL HAVE A GANGSTER FOR A MAYOR.

TOUGH. IT'S NOT MY FIGHT. NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.

THEN WHY DEVELOP THE PICTURES?

I'LL SELL THEM TO JAMESON FOR INVENTORY. I CAN USE THE BUCKS.

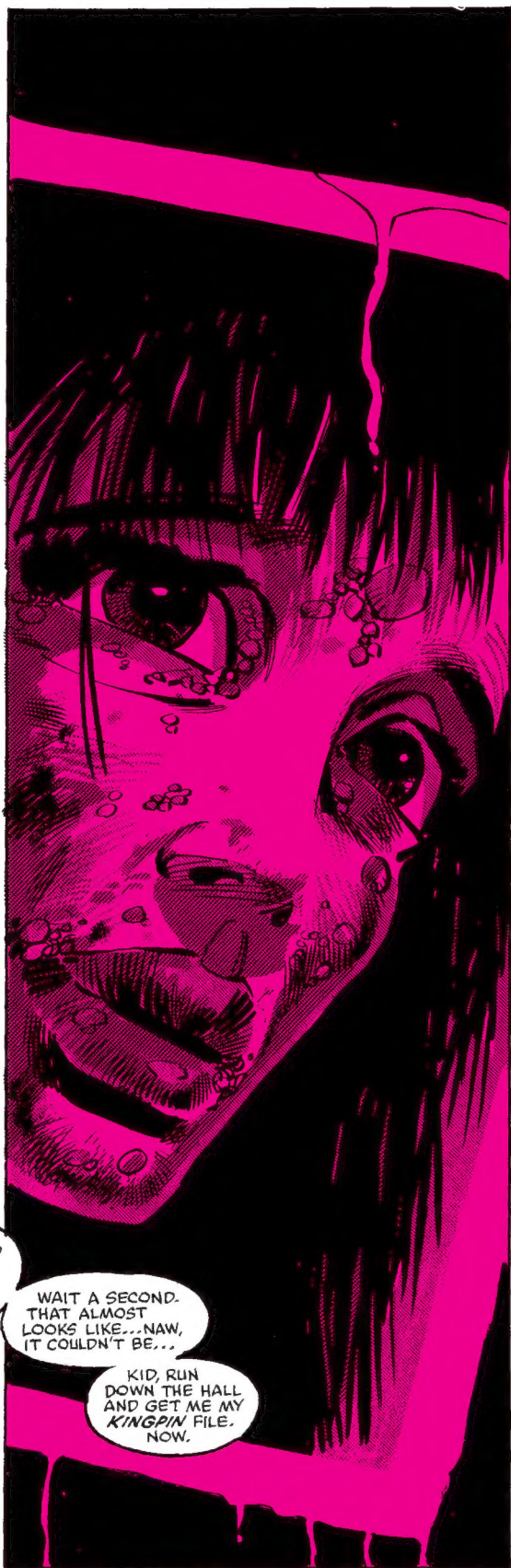
NICE SHOT OF THE KINGPIN HERE. AND CHERRYH.

WHO'S THIS?

JUST A BAG LADY WHO SEEMED TO HAVE A THING FOR THE KINGPIN. MIGHT AS WELL TOSS...

WAIT A SECOND. THAT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...NAW, IT COULDN'T BE...

KID, RUN DOWN THE HALL AND GET ME MY KINGPIN FILE. NOW.





SOON...

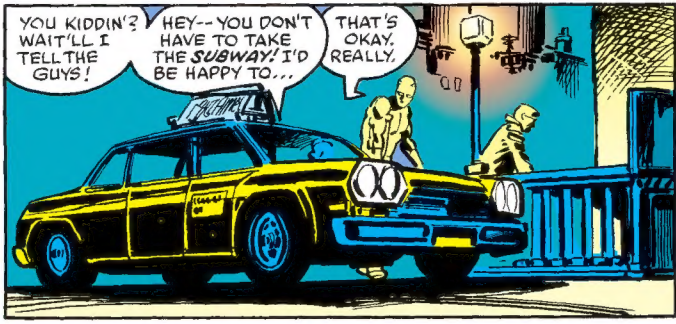
WOULDA' THOUGHT YOU HAD OTHER WAYS OF GETTIN' AROUND AT TIMES LIKE THIS, LIKE A "DAREMOBILE," OR SOMETHIN'... HA HA... HEH...

WELL, HERE WE ARE.



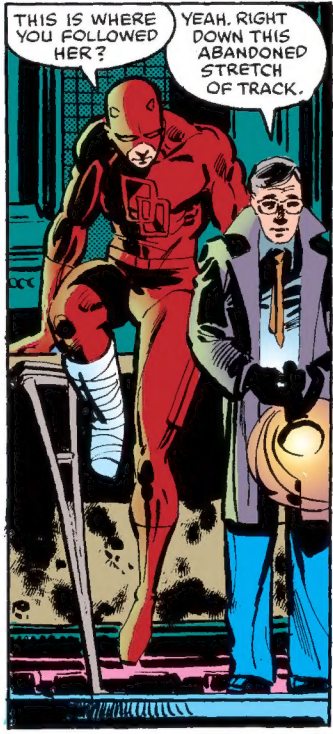
UH-UH. NO WAY I'M COLLECTIN' ON THIS FARE, MR. DAREDEVIL!

I THANK YOU, MY FOOT THANKS YOU.



YOU KIDDIN'? HEY-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THE SUBWAY! I'D BE HAPPY TO...

THAT'S OKAY, REALLY.



THIS IS WHERE YOU FOLLOWED HER?

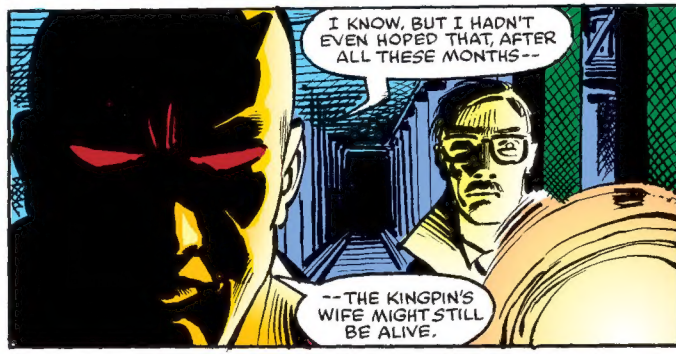
YEAH. RIGHT DOWN THIS ABANDONED STRETCH OF TRACK.



YOU SURE IT'S HER?

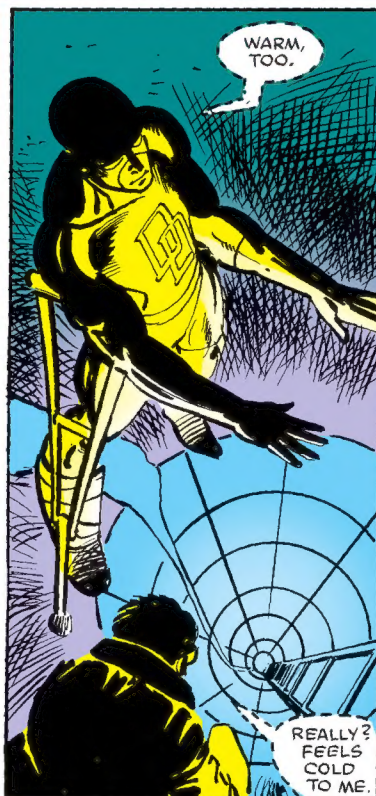
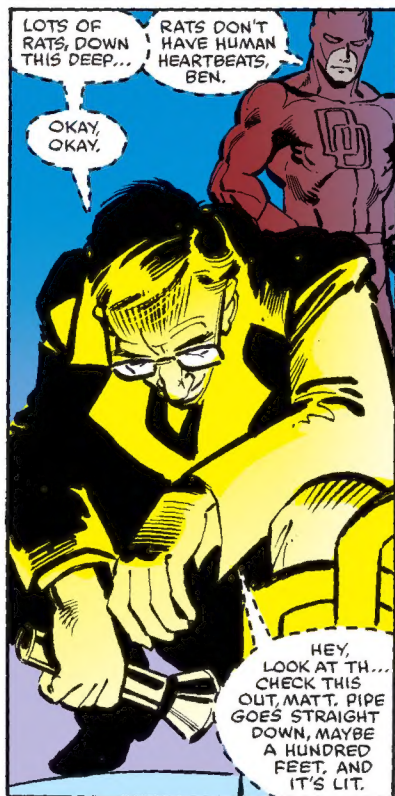
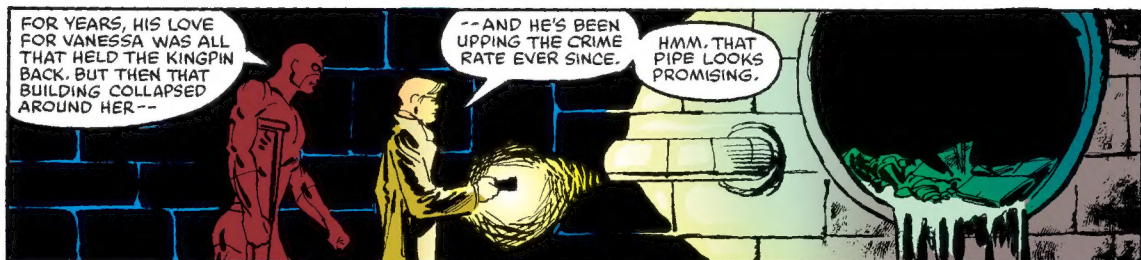
NO. BUT THE RESEMBLANCE IS THERE.

AND THEY NEVER DID FIND HER BODY, YOU KNOW.



I KNOW, BUT I HADN'T EVEN HOPED THAT, AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS--

--THE KINGPIN'S WIFE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.





BE CAREFUL, MATT. BE VERY CAREFUL..

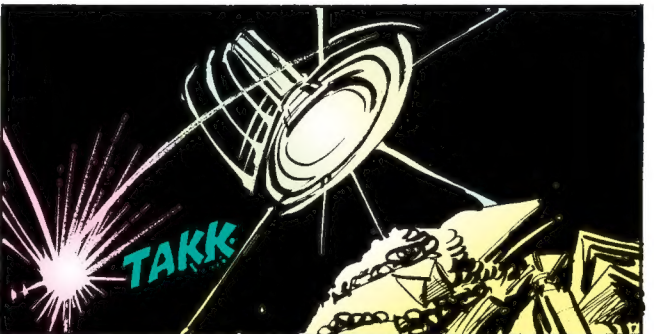
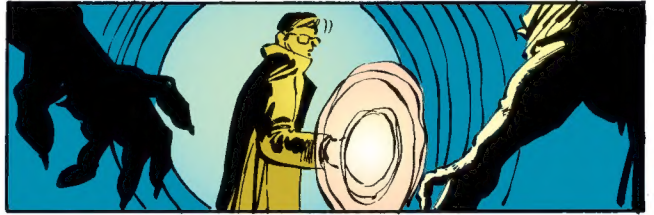
'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'D GET TO WRITE THE STORY OF YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, IF YOU WERE PUT OUT OF ACTION--



--I'D RATHER YOU WEREN'T.



HEY, WHAT'S A PULITZER PRIZE BETWEEN FRIENDS, ANYWAY?



THE MIDTOWN
OFFICES OF
NELSON AND
MURDOCK...



...WE CANNOT
SUBSTANTIATE THE CHARGES
MADE, IN RECENT EDITIONS
OF OUR NEWSPAPER, AGAINST
RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH.

WITH THESE WORDS,
J. JONAH JAMESON, PUBLISHER
OF THE *NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE*,
TODAY RETRACTED HIS CLAIMS
THAT COUNCILMAN CHERRYH'S
CAMPAIGN WAS SPONSORED
BY ORGANIZED CRIME.

WITH FIVE PERCENT
OF THE ELECTION
RETURNS IN, CHERRYH
IS NOW LEADING IN
EVERY DISTRICT...

THEN--
I GUESS IT'S
ALL OVER.

I'M SORRY,
FOGGY. YOU AND
MATT, YOU WORKED
SO HARD AT
DEFENDING
THE *BUGLE*...

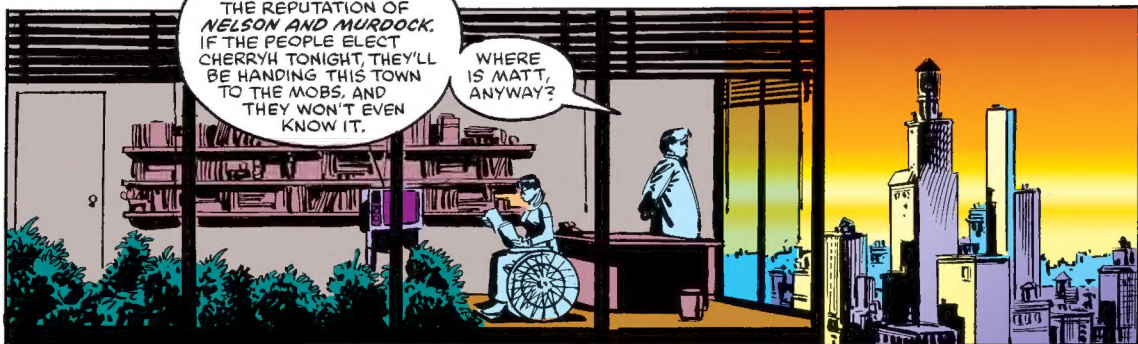
SURE WE DID.
AND WE MIGHT HAVE
WON IT, BECKY. WE'RE
GOOD LAWYERS--
THE *BEST*--

--BUT YOU
CAN'T DEFEND
A CLIENT WHO
FOLDS ON YOU.



THING IS, THERE'S
MORE AT STAKE THAN
THE REPUTATION OF
NELSON AND MURDOCK.
IF THE PEOPLE ELECT
CHERRYH TONIGHT, THEY'LL
BE HANDING THIS TOWN
TO THE MOBS, AND
THEY WON'T EVEN
KNOW IT.

WHERE
IS MATT,
ANYWAY?

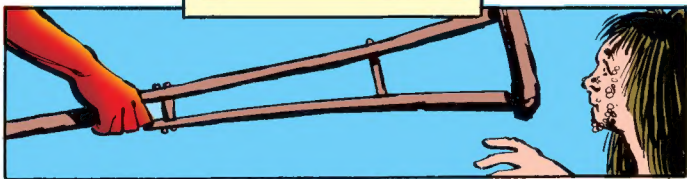
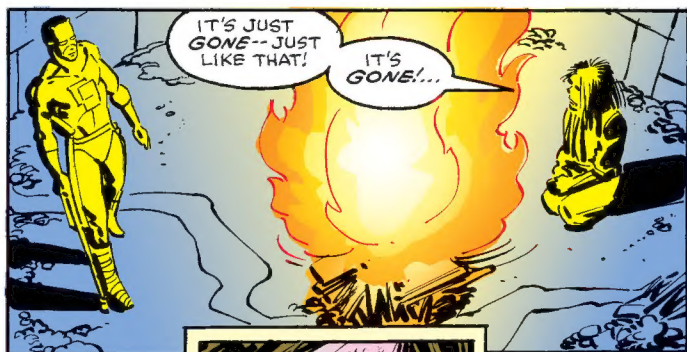


I DON'T
KNOW, I TRIED
HIM AT HOME.

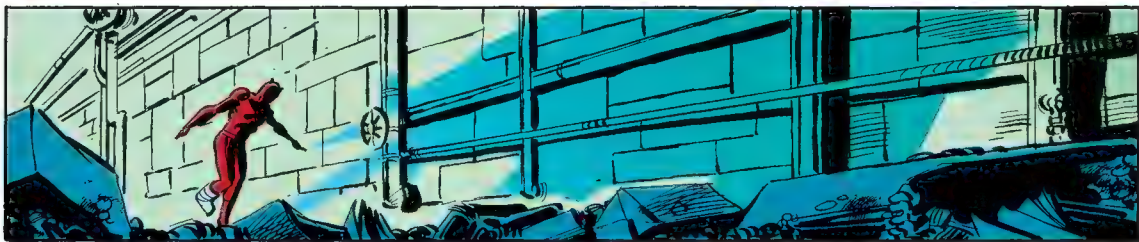
FUNNY HOW
HE DOES THAT, JUST
UPS AND DISAPPEARS,
FOR DAYS AT A TIME.

SOMETIMES
I WONDER...





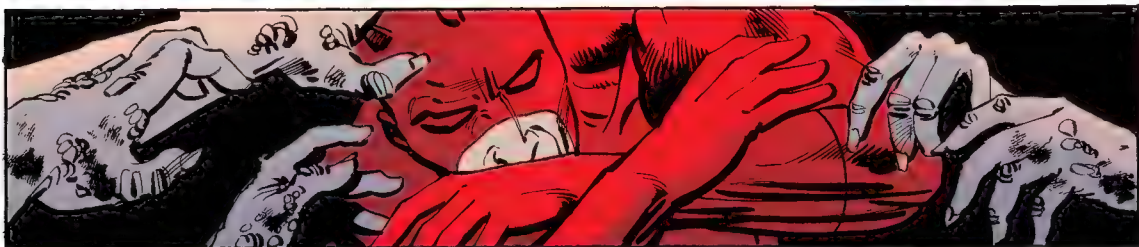
HE'S NOT LIKE THEM. HE DOESN'T BELONG HERE.



HE'S STRONG. HE'S ALONE. AND HE ISN'T SCARED.



DOESN'T FIGHT, EITHER. JUST FOLDS UP AND LETS THEM HAVE HIM.



MAYBE HE DOES BELONG HERE, AFTER ALL. MAYBE HE'S JUST AS LOST AND HOPELESS AND CRAZY AS THEY ARE...

ONLY A CRAZY MAN WOULD WANT TO GO TO HELL.

A MIDTOWN
SKYSCRAPER...



I HAVEN'T LOST
YET. I HAVEN'T
LOST YET! AND
I WON'T CONCEDE
UNTIL I HAVE!



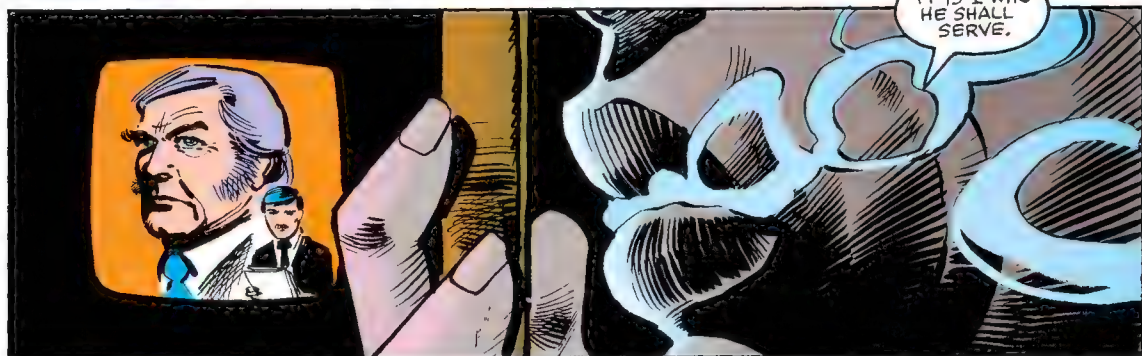
IT WAS A
STUNNED, ASTONISHED
MAYOR WHO REFUSED
TO CONCEDE TONIGHT'S
ELECTION--

--DESPITE
WHAT APPEARS TO
BE A LANDSLIDE
VICTORY FOR RANDOLPH
CHERRYH.

BUT IT IS A VICTORY
THAT IS OVERSHADOWED
BY LINGERING DOUBTS AMONG
EXPERTS, WHO FEAR THAT
CHERRYH WILL NOT SERVE
THE BEST INTERESTS
OF THE PEOPLE.

INDEED.

IT IS I WHO
HE SHALL
SERVE.



BY NIGHT'S
END, I WILL NOT
ONLY BE KINGPIN
OF THE CITY'S
UNDERWORLD--

--BUT
ITS GOVERN-
MENT, AS
WELL.

NOR WILL YOUR
CONTRIBUTION BE
IGNORED, ELEKTRA,
AS MY CHIEF ASSASSIN,
YOU WERE INSTRUMENTAL
IN PRESSING THE BUGLE
TO ABANDON ITS
CRUSADE.

I SHALL
RETAIN YOUR
SERVICES.





SOON...

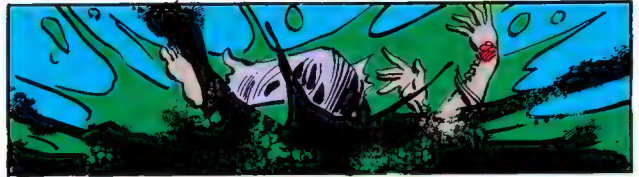
HE WAS JUST A BABY WHEN I FOUND HIM-- JUST A PET THAT SOMEBODY UP THERE FLUSHED DOWN THEIR TOILET, SO I FED HIM, AND HE GOT BIG.

BEEN A WHILE SINCE HE ATE LAST, BET HE'S REAL HUNGRY.



MIGHT AS WELL START HIM OFF WITH A LITTLE APPETIZER.

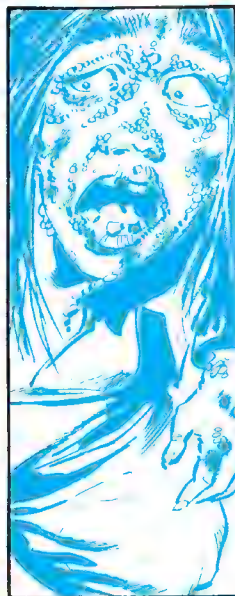
NO--!

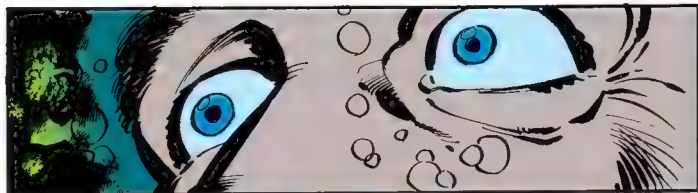
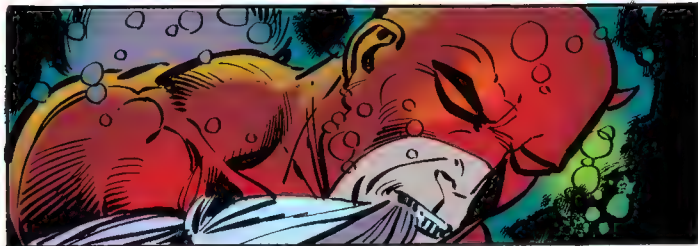
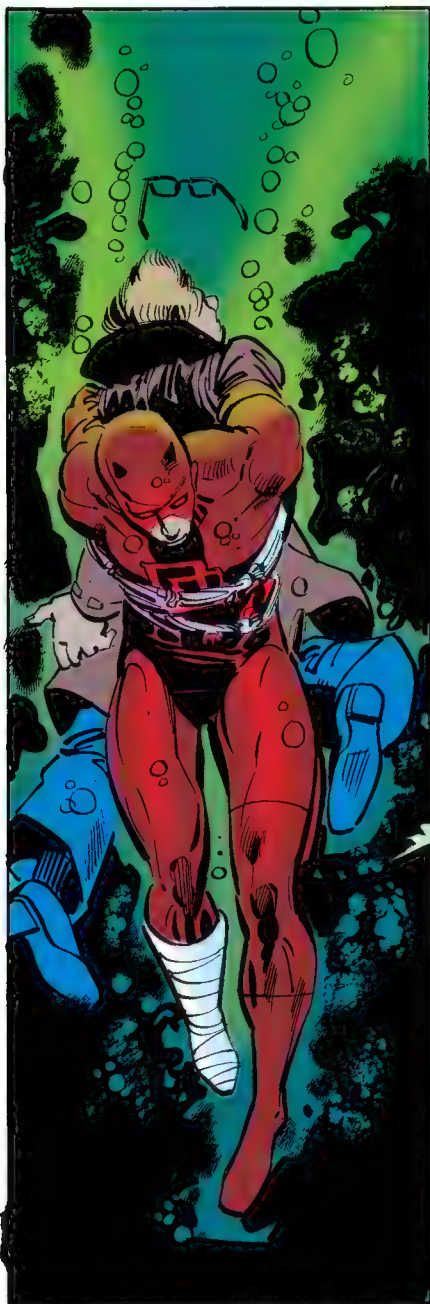
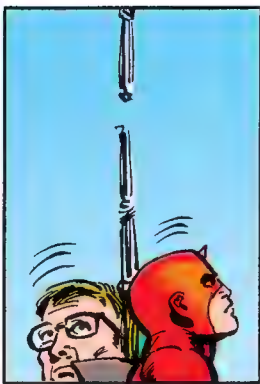
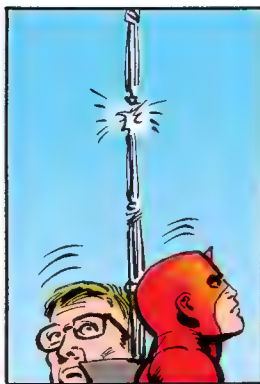


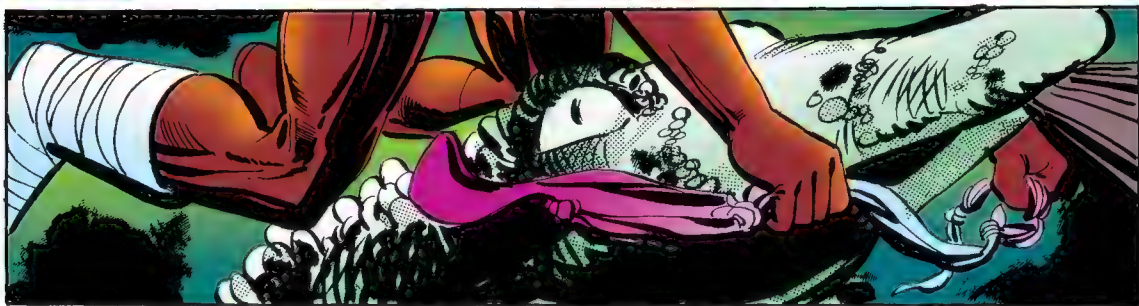
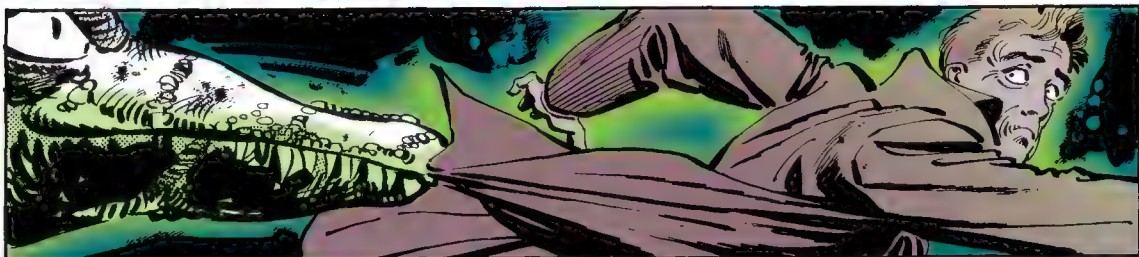
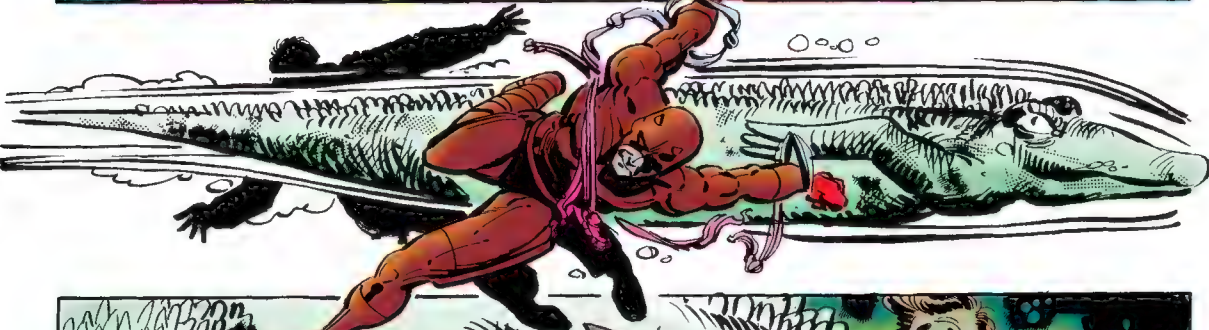
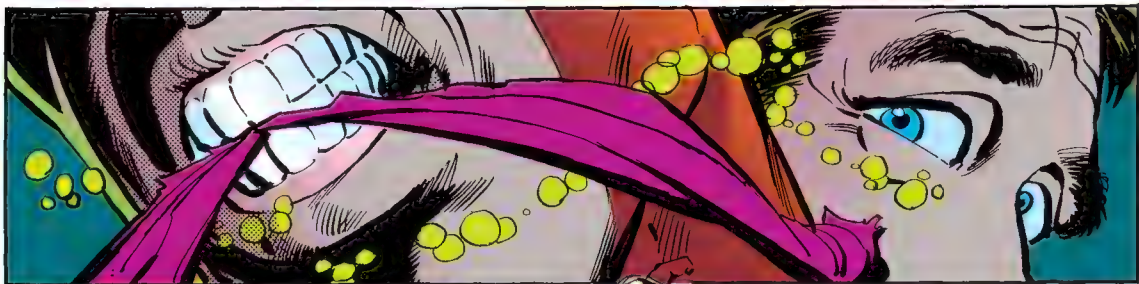
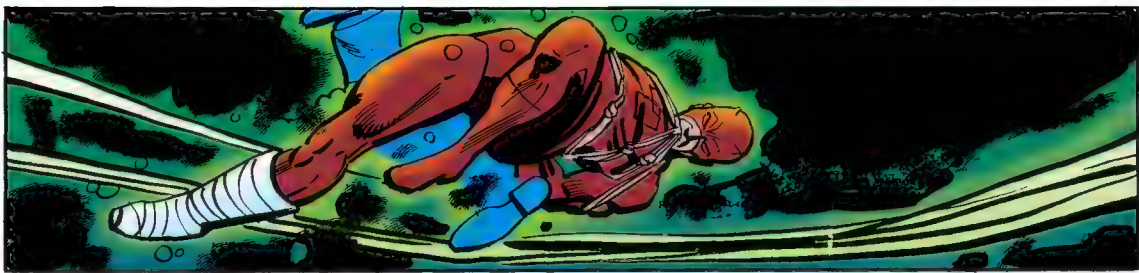
THAT SMELL...

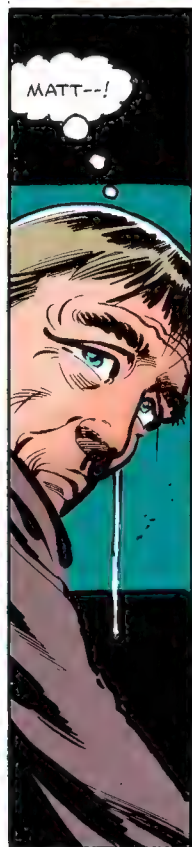


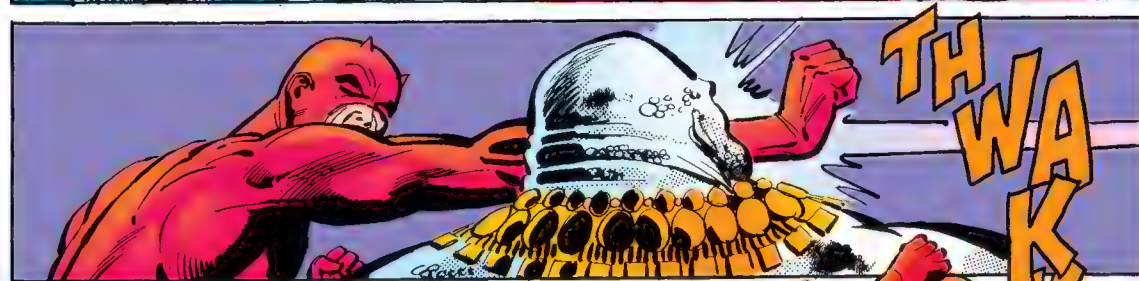
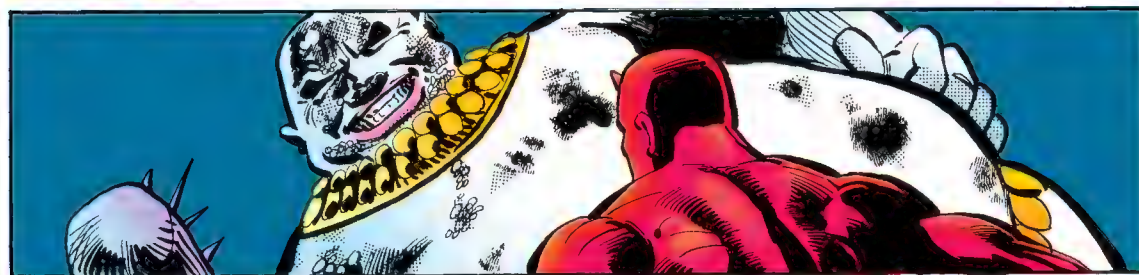
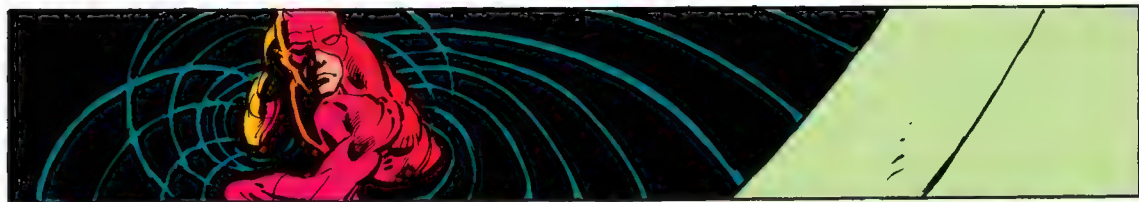
BLOOD.

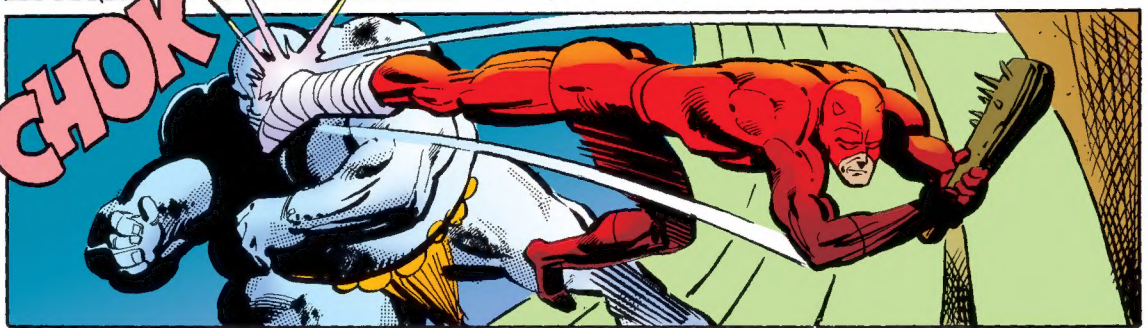
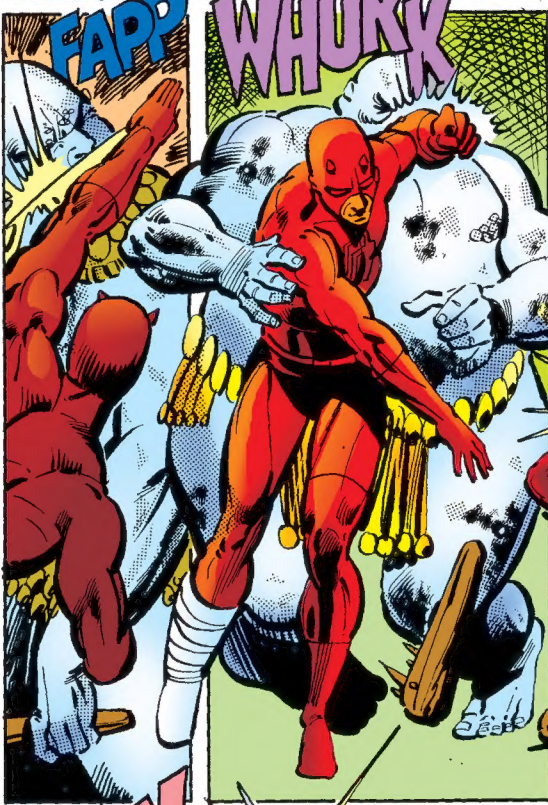
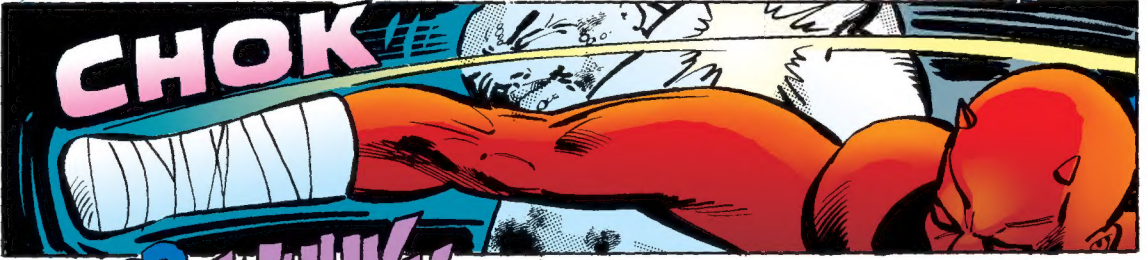
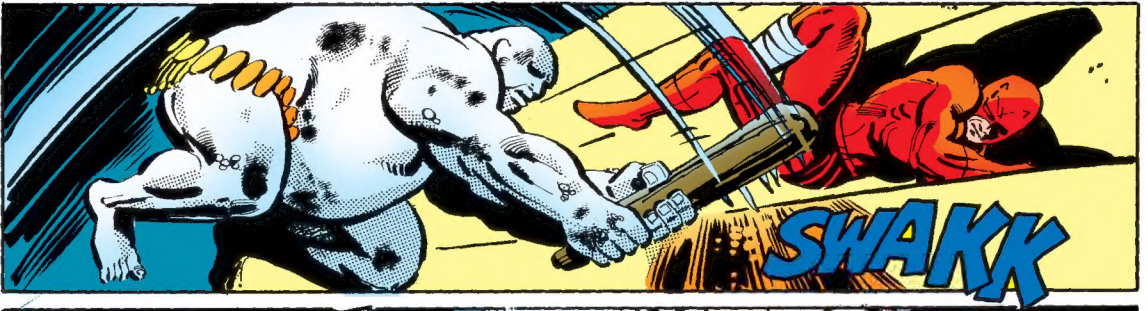


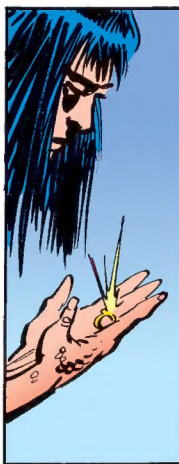
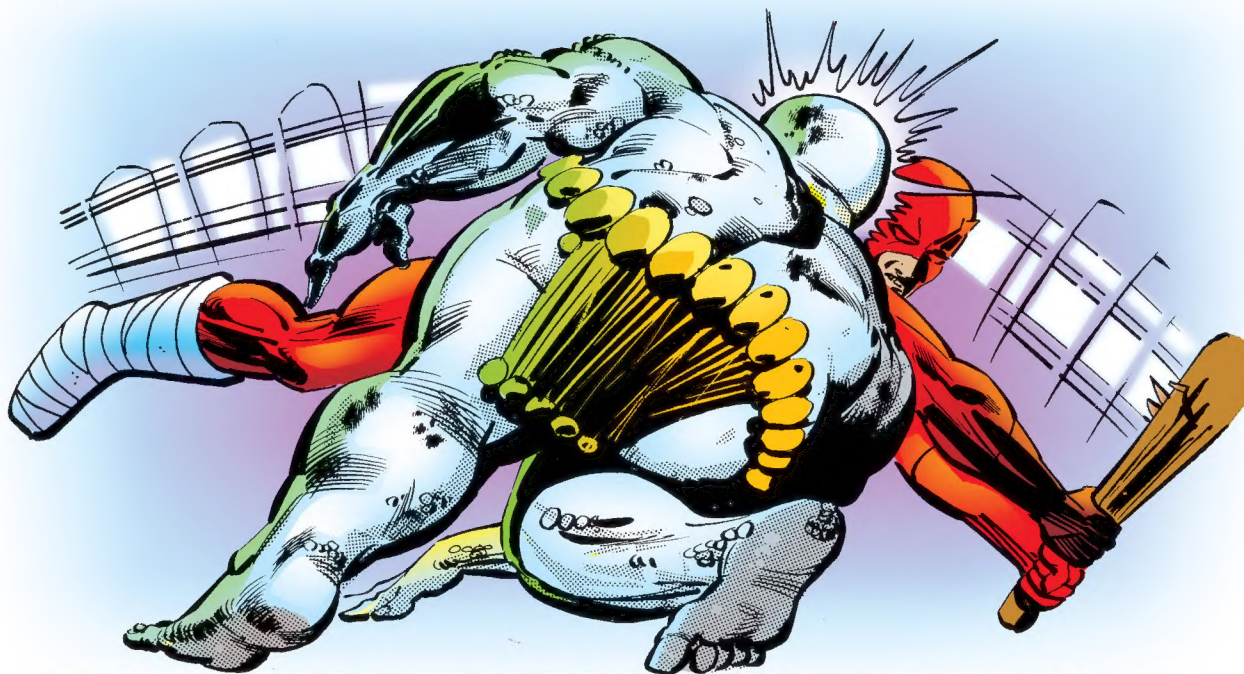














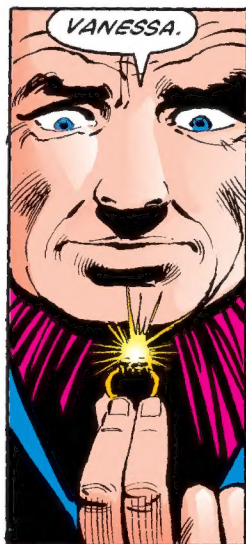
...AND LET ME ASSURE THE GOOD--THE GREAT--PEOPLE OF NEW YORK I WILL DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF THIS OFFICE WITH *PASSION*--

--THAT TOGETHER, WE WILL MAKE NEW YORK CITY THE *SPEARHEAD* OF THIS ERA OF NATIONAL RENEWAL!



WITH THAT, RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH ACCEPTED THE MANDATE OF THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY--

--AND ENJOYED THE GREATEST LANDSLIDE VICTORY IN THE CITY'S HISTORY!



THREE
HOURS
LATER...



IT IS WITH PROFOUND
REGRET... SHAME... THAT
I MUST NOW... MUST
WITHDRAW FROM... NOT...
NOT ACCEPT THE OFFICE
OF MAYOR...

THE CHARGES
MADE AGAINST ME...
THEY'RE TRUE, ALL OF
THEM... MY CONSCIENCE...
IT WOULDN'T LET ME...
I'M SORRY...

YOU HEARD IT
HERE FIRST, FOLKS!
RANDOLPH CHERRYH
HAS GIVEN UP THE
OFFICE OF MAYOR!

MORE ON
THIS AS IT
DEVELOPS...



CHERRYH
FOLLOWED ORDERS
TO THE END.

I CANNOT ALLOW
THIS SERIOUS A DEFEAT
TO PASS WITHOUT SOME
GESTURE OF RETRIBUTION,
HOWEVER SMALL.

SOMEONE
MUST DIE.

IT CANNOT BE
JAMESON. TOO
MUCH DANGER OF
A PUBLIC
BACKLASH.



NOR CAN IT BE THE LAWYER
MURDOCK. DAREDEVIL HAS
DEFENDED HIM, SEVERAL
TIMES, AND IT IS MY WISH
TO AVOID SO COSTLY
A CONFLICT.

BUT MURDOCK
HAS A PARTNER--
AN UNIMPORTANT
MAN, WHO FEW
WILL MISS, AND
NONE WILL
DEFEND.



YOUR NEXT
ASSIGNMENT,
ELEKTRA.



YOU SHALL
ELIMINATE
FRANKLIN
NELSON.

NEXT ISSUE: LAST HAND